no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her follie, for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chaunce haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken on me, because I haue railed so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meate in his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quippes and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain awe a man from the carreere of his humor? No, the world must be peopled. When I saide I would die a batcheller, I did not think I should liue til I were married, here comes Beatrice: by this day, shees a faire lady, I doe spie some markes of loue in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beatr. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Faire Beatrice, I thanke you for your paines.

Beat. I tooke no more paines for those thankes, then you take paines to thanke me, if it had bin painful I would not haue come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea iust so much as you may take vppon a knives point, and choake a daw withall: you haue no stomach signior, fare you well. *exit.*

Bene. Ha, against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner: theres a double meaning in that: I took no more paines for those thanks thē you took pains to thank me, thats as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks: if I do not take pitty of her I am a villaine, if I do not loue her I am a Iew, I will go get her picture, *exit.*

Enter Hero and two Gentlewomen, Margaret and Vrsley.

Hero Good Margaret runne thee to the parlour,
There shalt thou find my cosin Beatrice,
Proposing with the prince and Claudio,
Whisper her eare and tell her I and Vrsley,
Walke in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her, say that thou ouer-heardst vs,
And bid her steale into the pleached bowere
Where hony-suckles ripened by the sunne,

Forbid

Forbid the sunne to enter: like fau
Made proud by princes, that adu
Against that power that bred it, th
To listen our propose, this is thy
Beare thee well in it, and leaue vs
Marg. Ile make her come I w
Hero Now Vrsula, when Beat
As we do trace this alley vp and d
Our talke must onely be of Bened
When I do name him let it be thy
To praise him more than euer ma
My talke to thee must be how Be
Is sicke in loue with Beatrice: of th
Is little Cupids crafty arrow made,
That onely wounds by heare-say:
For looke where Beatrice like a La
Close by the ground, to heare our
Enter Beatri
Vrsula The pleasantst angling
Cut with her golden ores the siluer
And greedily deuoure the treacher
So angle we for Beatrice, who euer
Is couched in the wood. bine couer
Feare you not my part of the dialog
Hero Then go we neare her tha
Of the false sweete baite that we lay
No truly Vrsula, she is too disdainf
I know her spirits are as coy and wi
As haggerds of the rocke.
Vrsula But are you sure,
That Benedicke loues Beatrice so in
Hero So saies the prince, and my
Vrsula And did they bid you tel
Hero They did intreate me to ac
But I perswaded them, if they lou'd
To wish him wraftle with affection
And neuer to let Beatrice know of it

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Much Ado About Nothing* (STC 22304) LONDON, 1600 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12